

Gazebos, Yellow, and Red

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Gazebos, Yellow, and Red by Quirkyasfok

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Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Stamley Uris, Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris

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Summary:

Every relationship should have safe words. Especially, one with four teenage boys.

Gazebos, Yellow, and Red

Author's Note:

This came to me while I was walking my dog, and refused to not be written.

P.s. There is no actual sex in this fic.

P.s.s. Bill's stutter gets worse during sex. I don't make the rules.

"I don't see why your freaking out Eddie. You know all the answers." Eddie paused midstep to look over at Stan who was alternating between staring out the window, and watching the smaller boy pace as he answered Bill's questions. He made a little huffing noise, flailed his arms a bit, and gave Stan a look.

"I do not. Didn't you hear Bill say I got the last one wrong. Wrong Stan! Wrong!"

"I actually ssssaid you only got it half-wr-wrong," Bill said peering up at them from his own spot on Richie's bed. His head was resting on said boy's lap, as said boy stared off into space absent mindedly played with Bill's hair. Bill was holding their biology textbook in his hands, and had been spewing Eddie question after question for the past hour.

"Half-wrong, wrong, same thing. Bill next question."

"No Bill, no more questions." Stan moved from his spot near the window, and walked over to wrap the irritated boy into his arms. "Eddie you've got this. You know this material better than any of us." Eddie huffed again, but nodded at the praise and leaned against him. "Plus, if I have to hear one more biology question I'm going to scream. Right Bill?" Bill smiled and nodded as he let the book fall close next to him. "Great, so no more biology--"

"I think we should come up with a safe word."

The three other boys in the room froze before slowly looking over (or

up in Bill's case) at Richie who had seemed to have finally snapped back to reality in the most awkward and typical Richie way possible. By spouting weirdness. Bill was the first to speak up.

"A s-sssafe word?" Richie nodded.

"Yea, you know like when we do sexy stuff. That way if somebody feels uncomfortable or overwhelmed they can use the safe word, and the rest of us will know to stop." Eddie gave Richie a freaked out look, and shook his head.

"What type of weird-kinky shit do you think we're going to be doing that we would need a safe word for?"

"I'm not saying we're going to do be doing weird shit... though if any of you guys have some ideas I'm totally down for hearing them... but I mean even in the vanillaest of sex you should have a safe word."

"It pains me to say this, but I think Richie's right," Stan finally spoke up. "Especially, considering there's four of us in this relationship. Even the vanillaest of sex is a little out there."

"See, even Stan agrees. So, anybody got any suggestions?"

"What about B-beep, beep," Bill asked. Stan shook his head.

"No, I feel we use that one too much already as it is. I think we'd wind up saying it more accidentally than as a safe word." He gave Richie a look. Richie just shrugged and smirked at him. "Anyway, this was your idea Richie, you got any ideas?"

Richie seemed to make quite a show of thinking about it before a shit eating grin spread across his cheeks. Stan instantly had regrets.

"How about gazebos?"

"Fuck No," Eddie instantly responded as he moved away from Stan to shake his fist at Richie. Bill laughed.

"Gazebos! I l-l-like it."

Stan nodded in agreement.

“Our safe word is not going to be fucking gazebos! It was years ago, stop bring it up!”

“Oh Eddie, you should know by now that we will never let gonna let gazebos die.” Eddie gave Richie the finger. “Those in favor of gazebos raise your hands.” Three hands shot up.

“No, I refuse!”

“But Eddie-“

“W-we could try the sssstoplight s-system.” This time three heads turned to look in Bill’s direction. His cheeks had turned a soft pink, and he looked a bit surprised by his own suggestion.

“The what system?”

“The s-ssstoplight system. I read about it in a b-b-book. Green means your g-good to go. Yellow means you’re a l-little uncomfortable, and you either n-need to stop or s-ssslow down. R-r-red means your too o-overwhelmed or unhappy and you need to s-ssstop.”

“Wow Bill, what kind of kinky shit have you been reading? You holding out on us Big Bill?” Bill flushed darker and tried to hide his face against Richie’s lap. Stan gave Richie a look as he walked over to run a hand along Bill’s ankle in comfort.

“I think that’s a great idea Bill.”

“I agree. All in favor of gazebo, yellow, and red raise your hands!” Eddie looked like he wanted to argue more, but reluctantly raised his hand with the other three boys.

“Then it’s official. We’ll use the gazebo stop light system as our safe words.” Richie nodded proud of himself.

“Great lovely, we have safe words... what about Bill though,” Eddie brought up as he came over to join the others on the bed. “What if he can’t say the words?”

“I don’t s-stutter that much d-during sex.”

“Bill, honey, I love you... and your stutter is getting better but, the last time I gave you a handjob you couldn’t speak for like a full hour afterwards,” Stan pipped up. Bill, who had finally recovered from his last embarrassing statement flushed darkly again. Richie smile and patted his head.

“Eddie spaghetti’s right. We’ll just have to pay closer attention to Billy boy then. Get him to mouth the words at us, focus on his body language, have patients... all that jazz.”

“I-I don’t want to be a b-b-bother.”

“You’re never a bother Big Bill.” Eddie leaned down to give Bill a quick little kiss on the cheek.

“So, it’s agreed then. Gazebo, yellow, red, and we make sure Big Bill’s happy. Can I get an amend?”

“Amend,” the other three boys chorused.

“So, now that were officially settled who wants to give our new words a try,” Richie said while attempting to wiggle his eyebrows suggestively. Attempted being the keyword there. Stan snorted and bopped him on the head.

“Though I’d love too, I promised my parents I’d be home by nine,” he said while standing from the bed and stretching. “You want a ride Eddie?” Eddie nodded and stood up as well before going about gathering his stuff. “What about you Bill? You want a ride?” Bill smiled up at him and shook his head no.

“N-no I’m going to stay here a bit longer.”

“Whatever you say Big Bill. You two play nice then.” He gave the two of them a kiss goodbye before going over to Eddie who was already by the door waiting for him with his nose back in his biology book.

Once the two were gone Richie looked down at Bill, and gave him one of his patented “hey-there-sexy” smiles.

“So, what do you say Big Bill?”

“Gazebos.”